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ty-third Midsummer High Jinks of the Bohemian Club, Bohemia, Sonoma County, California

August 6th, 1910

THE CAVE MAN

A Play of the Redwoods

Text by
Charles K. Field

Music by
W. J. McCoy

INTRODUCTION AND SYNOPSIS

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CHARLES K. FIELD

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Foreword

The Grove Play of the Bohemian Club is the outgrowth of an illuminated spectacle produced annually among redwood trees in California. In *The Man in the Forest*, at the Midsummer Jinks of 1902, this spectacle first became a play, the text being the work of one author and the music the work of one composer. Since then, the music drama has been steadily elaborated. Yet it has been the aim, excepting the play of *Montezuma* (1903), to produce a play inherently of the forest.

The *Cave Man* (1910) has its inspiration in the fact that the sequoia groves of California, one of which the Bohemian Club owns, are the only forests now existing that resemble the forests of the cave man's day. While it has not yet been established that man of the cave type occupied this region of the earth, migrations here bringing people possibly of a much more advanced culture, it is sufficient for the purposes of the grove dramatist to be able to present characters of the more ancient type in a natural setting startlingly close to the original scenery of the cave man's life.

No attempt has been made to reproduce the exact conditions of speech, appearance, or musical expression. Simple language, to set forth such ideas and passions as might make a presentable play, has been employed and has been reinforced by interpretative music in the manner of today. Many thousands of years of progress may lie, in reality, between the types exhibited in this drama, yet, in the physical aspects of the life of these people, care has been taken to exclude such anachronisms as the use of the bow and arrow and the making of pictures on rock or in carved bone—accomplishments that post-dated the discovery of fire by tens of thousands of years. The characters have been costumed to suggest men of a primitive type, yet far removed from the creature that was to evolve the gorilla of our day. That creature, also a character in the drama, doubtless resembled the cave man more nearly than his descendant resembles us. His quest of the woman in the play is warranted by the reported anxiety of modern Africans regarding their own women and the gorilla.

The episode of the tar pool is based upon the recently reported discoveries in a similar deposit, in California, where remarkably frequent remains of the animals and birds named by Long Arm in his narrative have been brought to light. To Dr. J. C. Merriam, of the University of California, under whose direction these discoveries have been reported, I am indebted for a sympathetic editing of the text of this play.

I desire to record my gratitude to those members of the Bohemian Club whose co-operation, well in accord with the traditions which have made possible the club's admirable productions, has carried my dream of the cave man to fulfillment. Mr. W. J. McCoy, already wearing the laurels of the *Hamadryads*, undertook to express my play in music when the task could be accomplished only by severe sacrifice. That he has contributed to the musical treasures of the club a work which, perhaps, excels his former composition is, I trust, some measure of reward. Mr. Edward J. Duffey, the wizard of the illuminated grove, has rendered service equally important to a play whose action is written round the phenomenon of fire. Mr. George E. Lyon, that rare combination of artist and carpenter, with the assistance of Dr. Harry Carleton, has performed the feat of making the hillside more beautiful, adding stage scenery without sacrilege. To Mr. Frank L. Mathieu, veteran of many battles with amateur talent, I am indebted for untiring supervision of the production of the play and for valuable suggestions in its arrangement. Mr. Porter Garnett, authority upon grove plays and himself sire imminent, has proved his loyalty by working all night upon the making of this book of the play. Mr. J. de P. Teller has drilled two choirs in the difficult music of the Epilogue. Mr. David Bispham, a new member of the club and an artist of international fame, has shown himself imbued also with the amateur spirit which is one of the important elements in the grove play's charm. To the Board of Directors, and to their immediate predecessors, with their respective Jinks Committees, whose sympathy and aid under unusual circumstances have made possible the Midsummer Jinks of 1910, and to all the brothers in Bohemia who have joined me in the labor and pleasure of that effort, I subscribe myself in sincere acknowledgment,

CHARLES K. FIELD.

The Scene

The scene is a forested hillside in the geological period preceding the present,—some tens of thousands of years ago. The landscape is black with night, but between the treetops are glimpses of the stars. The orchestral introduction is in keeping with the darkness; it suggests the chill of an era when fire is unknown, and the terror that pervades the prehistoric forest at night. Into the glimpses of sky at the top of the hill comes the flush of dawn. The red fades into blue and light comes through the forest, progressively down the hillside. The radiance of morning discloses a grove of giant conifers, rich in ferns and in blossoming vines; it is spring in the forest. Rock outcrops from the lower parts of the hillside and a small stream plashes into a succession of pools; at the base of the hill the rock appears as a great ledge, the upper portion of which overhangs. Small plants cling to the uneven face of the cliff and young trees stand along its rim. Under the overhanging ledge there is a narrow entrance, closed with two boulders, that is high enough to admit a man stooping slightly. The ground immediately before the cave is level, but soon drops in a succession of ledges to a plateau filled with ferns and boulders through which the stream flows. Blossoming plants edge the pools and the lower and larger pool has tall reeds, tules, and ferns about it. The stream continues on to a river that runs westward to the sea.

The Story of The Play

Once upon a time, some tens of thousands of years ago, the greater part of the northern hemisphere was covered with a mighty forest of conifers. Its trees rose hundreds of feet in height; their huge trunks, twenty and thirty feet through, were shaggy with a reddish bark; between them grew smaller and gentler trees, thick ferns and blossoming vines. Today, in the sequoia groves of California stands all that is left of that magnificent woodland.

On a memorable night, when the moon searched the deep shadows of Bohemia's redwoods for memories of the past and the mystery of night magnified our trees to the size of their brethren in other groves, I sat with W. J. McCoy before the high jinks stage. Fancy has ever been stimulated by fact and we were aware that we looked upon such a scene as the cave man knew. And so in the moonlight we dreamed that the forest was still growing in the comparative youth of mankind, that no light other than the fires of heaven had ever shone in the grove, that the man of that day wooed his mate and fought great beasts for their raw flesh and made the first fire among those very trees.

The prehistoric forest was very dark and as dangerous as it was dark. Therefore the cave men went into their caves when daylight faded among the trees and they blocked the cave doorways with great boulders and they slept soundly on leaves and rushes until the daylight peeped through the chinks of the boulders. One morning, Broken Foot, a big man with heavy dark hair on his body and an expression that was not amiable even for a cave man's face, rolled back the blocking of his cave and crept cautiously out. It happened that a deer had chosen to drink from a pool by Broken Foot's cave. A great stone broke the neck of the luckless deer and the cave man breakfasted well.

As he sat there on the rocks, carving with his flint knife the raw body of the deer, certain neighbors joined him, one by one. They were Scar Face, a prodigious glutton but sharp witted and inventive, Fish Eyes and Short Legs, young hunters with

specialties, and Wolf Skin, the father of Singing Bird, a much-admired maiden just entering womanhood. Then ensued such talk as belonged to that period—stories of hunting, of escape and also of discoveries. Many remarkable things were being put forth in those days by the inquiring spirit of men, shells to hold water, a log that would obey a man with a paddle, even a wolf had been tamed and made a companion of a hunter. So the morning passed in interesting discussion and all would have been harmonious in the little group before Broken Foot's cave had not Short Legs listened eagerly to Wolf Skin's description of his daughter and announced his intention of mating with her. As he rose to seek the girl, Broken Foot knocked him down with a sudden blow and bade him think no more of the cave maiden. At this, Short Legs, although no match for the great bully, burst out with a torrent of abuse, calling Broken Foot many unpleasant names, and Fish Eyes, his inseparable friend, came to his aid with more unflattering words, even accusing Broken Foot of murdering his brother to get his cave and his mate. Broken Foot, making ready to seek the girl, listened indifferently to this tirade until Short Legs called him a coward.

Earlier in the day Wolf Skin had told of meeting a stranger in the forest, a young man who carried a singular weapon, made of both wood and stone. This stranger had inquired for the cave of Broken Foot, a man who dragged one foot as he walked. Short Legs accused Broken Foot of running away from this new comer. This was too much. Broken Foot, already part way up the hill on his way to Singing Bird, turned back toward the cave men threateningly. Just then a young man came along a higher path. He looked down on the man who dragged one foot as he walked. With a terrible cry of rage he leaped down the hill. Broken Foot, with his great strength, had been the champion of those woods for years. But Long Arm, the stranger, carried the first stone axe, and under this new weapon Broken Foot went down into the dead leaves.

Then, of course, the whole story came out. The young stranger proved to be the son of the man whom Broken Foot had murdered. The boy had been with the two men at the time. The scene of the murder was a small lake into which tar continually oozed, making a sticky trap for all sorts of wild animals. A similar place exists in California today, where animals are caught, and geologists have found in the ground there great quantities of bones of prehistoric animals, the sabretooth tigers and the great wolves of the cave man's day. Here was enacted the tragedy of which Long Arm tells. The boy got away and was reared by the Shell People on their mounds beside the sea.

He had invented a new weapon and now he had come back into the forest to kill Broken Foot and to get again the cave of his father.

Long Arm was kindly welcomed by the cave men. They had no love for the dead bully and they respected a good fight. So the boy was welcomed home again. Yet the greeting held a note of warning in it. Old One Eye, fleeing through the forest, told them that the terrible man-beast was again roving through the trees. The cave men did not know that this creature was but the ancestor of the gorilla of today. To them he was a man who seemed to be a beast. They could not understand him but they knew that he was larger than any other man and stronger than all of them together, and they gave him a wide berth.

Long Arm was left alone in the cave he had regained. He sat on the rocks, in the pleasant shade of the trees, and chipped away at the edge of his flint axe. He was very well satisfied with himself and he sang a kind of exultant song in tribute to the weapon that had served him so well. As he worked and sang the sparks flew from the flint and by one of those chances which have made history from the dawn of time, some dry grass was kindled. No one in the world had made fire before that day. Long Arm saw what he thought was some bright new kind of serpent. He struck it a fatal blow with his axe and picked it up; it bit him and with a cry he shook it from his hand. Chances go in pairs, sometimes. The burning twig fell into a little pool and was extinguished. Long Arm observed and studied all this, a very much puzzled but interested young man. Then occurred one of those moments that have lifted men above the brutes. Long Arm struck his flints together and made fire again and man has been repeating and improving that process ever since.

That was destined to be a red-letter day, if we may use such a calendar term, in the life of that young cave man. He had got his cave again and he had discovered something that would make it the best home in all the world, yet it was not complete. And just then he heard Wolf Skin's daughter singing among the trees. Long Arm dropped his new toy and it burned out on the rock. He hid behind a great tree and watched. Singing Bird came, unsuspecting, down the path. One of the pools near the cave was quiet and the young girl was not proof against the allurement of this mirror. She had twined some blossoms in her hair and she was enjoying the reflection when Long Arm stole toward her. But she saw his reflection too, in time to leap away from him. Then Long Arm wooed her instead of following to take her by force, for that was not at all a certainty, since she might easily outrun him. So he told her of himself and his stone axe and his victory and his cave, making it all as attractive as possible and at last he told her of the fire and made it before her eyes

with his sparking flints. Singing Bird was deeply impressed by all these things and by the confident manner of Long Arm, and especially by the bright new plaything, and she came gradually nearer to see these wonders.

Then suddenly the man-beast came upon the two, and the woman leaped in terror to the arms of the man. The man-beast barred the way to the cave. Then Long Arm braved him, though it meant death, that the girl might flee. The man-beast seized Long Arm's boasted axe and snapped it like a twig. Then he grasped the man and proceeded to crush him in his hairy hold. But the girl, under the spell of her new love, had run but a little way and then, in spite of her terror, turned to look back. She shrieked wildly at Long Arm's peril and the great beast threw the man aside and came after the girl. She tried desperately to evade him and to get to the narrow door of the cave. Meanwhile Long Arm had been only stunned. Recovering, he saw the firebrand burning where he had dropped it on the rocks. He seized it, remembering its bite, and again attacked the man-beast. Here was something new, and very terrible. No animal, from that day to this, has stood against fire. The man-beast fled into the forest.

Then Long Arm came back in triumph. Wonderful days followed, with the happy discovery of cooked meat, and the tragedy of a forest fire, but through all their lives Long Arm and Singing Bird remembered this day when, in the joy of their escape from death and under the spell of the woodland in springtime, they began their life together in the cave.

Plan of the Music

- 1 PRELUDE.
- 2 THE FIGHT BETWEEN LONG ARM AND BROKEN FOOT
- 3 LONG ARM'S STORY OF THE TAR POOL
- 4 THE SONG OF THE FLINT
- 5 LONG ARM'S DISCOVERY OF FIRE.
- 6 THE SPRING SONG OF THE CAVE MAIDEN
- 7 LONG ARM'S BATTLE WITH THE MAN-BEAST
- 8 THE SONG OF MATING
- 9 INTERMEZZO—THE DANCE OF THE FIREFLIES
- 10 THE MAN-BEAST'S CAPTURE OF SINGING BIRD
- 11 THE RESCUE
- 12 THE FOREST FIRE

The Epilogue

- 13 CHOIR OF SPIRITUAL VOICES
- 14 THE SONG OF THE STAR
- 15 CHORUS: THE MARCH OF THE DAWN

Synopsis of the Music

It has been the effort of the composer, in writing the music of *The Cave Man*, to parallel, as far as possible advantageously in musical expression, the ideas, occurrences and pictures as they occur in the text and action.

The prelude is the result of an effort toward the creation of atmosphere conducive to a full appreciation of the scenes that follow, and may be taken as a tone picture in the life of primitive man. The thematic material upon which it is constructed consists of two principal motives:

The motive of Broken Foot



and the motive of Long Arm.



These two themes are developed alternately as the night gradually merges into day, and the climax culminates as Broken Foot, emerging from the cave, slays a deer and drags it up the rocks for his morning feast.

A development of these themes is also used for the struggle between Long Arm and Broken Foot, resulting in the slaying of the latter.

Long Arm, fashioning a new weapon for defense against the Man-Beast, sings a song of the flint:



The theme of the flint is used as a basis upon which the musical structure is built. This theme is heard later to illustrate Long Arm's reasoning about the origin of fire.

Following immediately upon this is heard the motive of fire,



which always occurs upon the appearance of fire and is used in a much intensified form during the burning of the forest.

This merges without interruption into the Spring Song of the Cave Maiden:

The musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is in common time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains lyrics: "Warm slept I in the caves deep shadow sweet with love my". The second staff is in common time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff is in common time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff is in common time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics continue: "dream I dreamt that I loved".

The music of this song is to be considered as forming from this point a love motive and is heard during the ramble of the cave maiden through the forest and during the wooing of the lovers, culminating during a concerted number in their mating.

The motive of the Man-Beast—



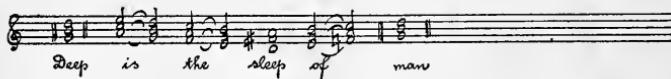
is introduced at the entrance of the gorilla and continues, treated contrastingly, with the motive of fire during his presence in the action, developing cumulatively into the music of the combat between Long Arm and the Man-Beast.

As night-fall comes on after the mating, the fireflies are seen twinkling rhythmically in the forest to the music of the Dance of the Fireflies symbolizing the joy of the lovers:

Allegro

In the second part the musical motives introduced in the first part are again heard treated variously with a view toward intensifying the emotions suggested by the text and action, culminating in the forest fire and its extinguishment by the rain, thus ending the story of the play.

The epilogue, which succeeds directly the play proper, begins with the sound of spiritual voices heard from the treetops, enquiring of the future of man.



The musical material of this angelic choral is a modification of the twelfth century consecutive fifths of Hucbald:

In reply, the voice of a star is heard—



singing of the future progress of human intelligence, which is to "climb through the strengthening dawn, while the fetters of sleep drop away."

This is followed by a vision, in allegorical form, illustrating the progress of intellect through varying stages to its height.

The music of this section is in march form—



and begins in a very subdued manner with the gradual addition of shepherd's pipe and trumpets of warriors



and finally enlisting the full power of chorus and orchestra, glorifying the heights already attained and pointing far out into the work of the future.

W. J. McCOY.

THE SONG OF THE FLINT.

LONG ARM:

Flint in my hand!
All the wood waits for me;
I am its master
While there is sunlight,
While I can see.
Sharpened and shaped for me,
Lashed to my oaken arm,
Strike at my quarry now,
Bite to the heart,
Hungry tooth of the flint!

Strike!
Flint on flint;
Send up the little stars
That fade ere they fly.

I shall bring home with me,
Home to my cave,
Beasts that have longed for me,
Followed me, sprung at me
Out of the shadow
Into the sun;
Scarred with the flint's bite,
Blood-drip to mark the path,
We shall come dragging them,
We shall come home with them,
The black flint and I!

Strike! Strike!
Flint on flint,
Spark after spark;
Wake from your black depths
The lights that go flashing
Like the bright bugs that play
Over water at evening.

Men of the neighbor caves,
They shall behold us
Hunting together,
Laden with spoil;
They shall make way for us;
Give us a free road
Home to our rest;
He that would bar us
Shall lie in the leaves!
And from the cave-mouths,

Eyes like the young deer's
Shall follow with longing
The feet of the hunter,
While we come home
The black flint and I!

Strike! Strike! Strike!
Flint on flint,
Spark after spark,
Faster and faster;
Out of the dark,
Out of the heart of the oak
And the flint's black belly,
The friend that shall fight for me,
Smite for me, bite for me,
My weapon is born!

THE SPRING SONG OF THE CAVE MAIDEN

Warm slept I in the cave's deep shadow, sweet
with love was my dream!
I dreamed that I roved,
Far following a pathway strange, beside an un-
known stream—
There was I loved!
Although I fled he caught me, his great limbs
held my feet,
Strongly he held me near,
Ah, mightily pressed,
Yet, struggling not, I lay there, strangely still
nor fain to be fleet;
Glad of his breast!

Within the cave I woke and heard the stream
Murmur his words,
Whispering near;
My bosom answered, throbbing with my dream;
The call of mating birds
Filled my ear;
The woodland spoke
A message clear
When I awoke!

So came I down the sunlit path that leads I
know not where,—
Dear sun, be my guide!

My blood with love is warm as thou hast made
 the quickening air;
 Spring flows full tide.
 Above me, see, the tender doves are billing with
 trembling wings
 On every tree;
 Oh joy of spring, the world is full of happy
 mating things,
 Welcoming me!
 For I shall find my lover by some stream,
 And shall not flee
 From his will;
 And all the aching sweetness of my dream
 Our happiness to be
 Shall fulfill;
 Even apart,
 No time shall still
 His beating heart!

Shine, shine on me, dear sun, and lead me, fol-
 lowing thy beams,
 To where he may wait;
 Oh joy of spring, oh love more warm than sun,
 more dear than dreams,
 Give me my mate!

THE SONG OF MATING

THE MAN.

Lo, I have filled him with terror;
 From the fire he fled away!
 No more my cave shall fear him,
 I shall keep him still at bay.
 Before my cave the fire shall burn
 Through all the terror haunted night,
 And all the wondering woods shall learn
 How mightily these comrades fight,
 The fire and I!

THE WOMAN.

How can it be he has conquered,
 Alone and unaided by stone!
 Happy and safe will his cave be,
 Although he shall guard it alone.

THE MAN.

Ah, see, my cave is waiting,
 Safely guarded from harms,

Share it with me!
My bed of leaves is lonely,
Closely folded in my arms,
Warm wilt thou be.

THE WOMAN.

Ah, like a leaf that the river
Tenderly floats to rest
Upon the shore,
A tide of love now bears me
Blissfully to his breast,
To wander no more.

THE MAN.

And all night long together we shall rest
And feel the throbbing of each other's breast,
And closely, softly, warmly lie
In the cave's deep shelter, thou and I;
Come, share my cave, the leaves await.

THE WOMAN.

Take me, take me for thy mate!

THE MAN AND THE WOMAN.

Ah, see, the cave is waiting, safely guarded from
harms,
Warm will we be;
On leafy bed soft lying, closely held in thy arms,
Mating with thee!

Epilogue

The Ascent of Man

(*Choristers, with organ accompaniment, at the top of the hill.*)

SPIRITUAL VOICES

Deep is the sleep of man;
Clothed on with darkness, he sleepeth;
Night lieth heavily upon his eyelids;
He hath forgotten the glory of the eternal,
He knoweth only the dream of time.

(*A star glows in the darkness and a voice sings from it.*)

THE STAR.

Harken! I am the voice that stirs forever in the restless heart
of man.

Within the vaulted center of a shell,
Far flung beyond the reaching of the tide,
Unceasing echo of its ceaseless swell,
The accents of the ocean still abide.
For the shell has been held in the breast of the
sea,
And never the winds o'er the changing sands
Shall silence the innermost ecstasy
That turns to the ocean and understands.

SPIRITUAL VOICES.

What shall awaken man,
Breaking the dream of the senses?
Deep is the sleep that hath fallen upon him;
When shall he wake to the glory of the eternal,
Losing the false shadow of time?

THE STAR.

Lo, I shall sing in his heart through the ages,
Song he must hear through his clamorous
dream,
Echoes of me from his priests and his sages,
Till at the last I restore and redeem.

I shall sing and he shall hear,
Vaguely, faintly, far-away;
In his sleep-enchanted ear
I shall tell him of the day,

He shall grope along the steep,
 Ever climbing in his sleep,
 Ever upward, following
 The ideal that I sing.

And my music shall finally drown the lie that
 his slumber has spoken;
 I shall fill his heart with my song and the bonds
 of his dream shall be broken;

He shall climb through the strengthening dawn,
 While the fetters of sleep drop away,
 Till the shadows of sense shall be gone
 In the glory of infinite day!

(An archangelic voice speaks from the sky.)

THE VOICE.

Man hath discovered fire;
 He hath watched the works of his hands,
 And thought hath awakened within him.
 Behold, he shall climb,
 Up the hard path of the ages,
 Up from the gloom of the senses,
 Into the glory of mind!

CHORAL AND PROCESSIONAL

(Cave men climb upward in shadow until they are replaced by shepherds, climbing upward in a dim light.)

SHEPHERDS.

Night made the sky and mountains one;
 Behold, above the mountain wall
 The blue is dreaming of the sun,
 Expectant, hushed, augurial.

Let us rise up in the dawn,
 Forth with our flocks to the tender green
 spaces;
 Come, let us up and be gone,
 Wandering ever and seeking new places.

(As the shepherds reach a higher level they are replaced by farmers who climb in turn upward in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of shepherds at their lower level continues.)

FARMERS.

Now, where the little stars have gone
 All night on tiptoe from the hills,

Blossom the roses of the dawn;
The arc of heaven with promise thrills.
Come, let us out to the soil,
Blest with the sun and the rains;
Bread is the guerdon of toil,
And the home we have builded remains.

(As the farmers reach a higher level they are replaced by warriors, who in turn climb upward in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of farmers at their lower level continues.)

WARRIORS.

Clear light in the sky!
Day draweth nigh;
The world, with hilltop and plain,
Appeareth again.
The stars have melted in morning air;
So shall the weaker nations flee;
Might gives right; it is ours to share
The spoils of the land and sea.

(As the warriors reach a higher level they are replaced by philosophers climbing in a stronger light. Meanwhile the entrance of warriors at their lower level continues.)

PHILOSOPHERS.

The edge of the world is afire;
Darkness has vanished away;
Exultant awakens the choir
That heralds the coming of day.
Light has been vouchsafed to us,
Clear the world about us lies,
Yet the mind mysterious
Seeth further than the eyes;
Riseth on its unseen wings
To immeasurable things!

(The philosophers have reached the highest visible path. The hillside is thronged with the processional of the ages.)

O growing radiance that streams
Above this life's horizon line
And casts upon our human dreams
Reflection of a light divine,
O dawn immortal, pour on us
Thy strong effulgence, glorious,
Over all night victorious,
Sunrise eternal, shine!

(A fanfare of trumpets. The dawn light begins at the top of the hill.)

SPIRITUAL VOICES.

Man awaketh from the dream of the senses;
Time falleth from him like a shadow,
Glory clotheth him evermore!

(*He who spoke the Sermon on the Mount appears above the gathered multitude. A splendor of light bursts upon the forest and a cloud of white doves hovers above the climbing hosts.*)

ALL:

Hosanna! Behold: It is the Sun!

(*The procession is led upward into the light.*)

The stage directed by Frank L. Mathieu. The scene and properties designed and built by George E. Lyon. The lighting and fire effects devised and executed by Edward J. Duffy. The costumes prepared by Goldstein & Co., under the supervision of John C. Merritt. The calcium lights managed by F. W. French.

The music, conducted by the composer, rendered by the following forces:

A chorus of sixty-five voices, consisting of seventeen first tenors, sixteen second tenors, sixteen first basses, and sixteen second basses, recruited from the membership of the club.

A choir of fifteen boys, recruited from the vested choirs of St. John's Church, Oakland, and Christ Church, Alameda.

An orchestra of sixty instruments, distributed as follows:

Ten first violins, eight second violins, six violas, six cellos, six double basses, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, English horn, two bassoons, four trumpets, four horns, three trombones, harp, tuba, tympani and drums.

JOHN DE P. TELLER, Chorus Master.

JOHN JOSEPHS, Concert Master.













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